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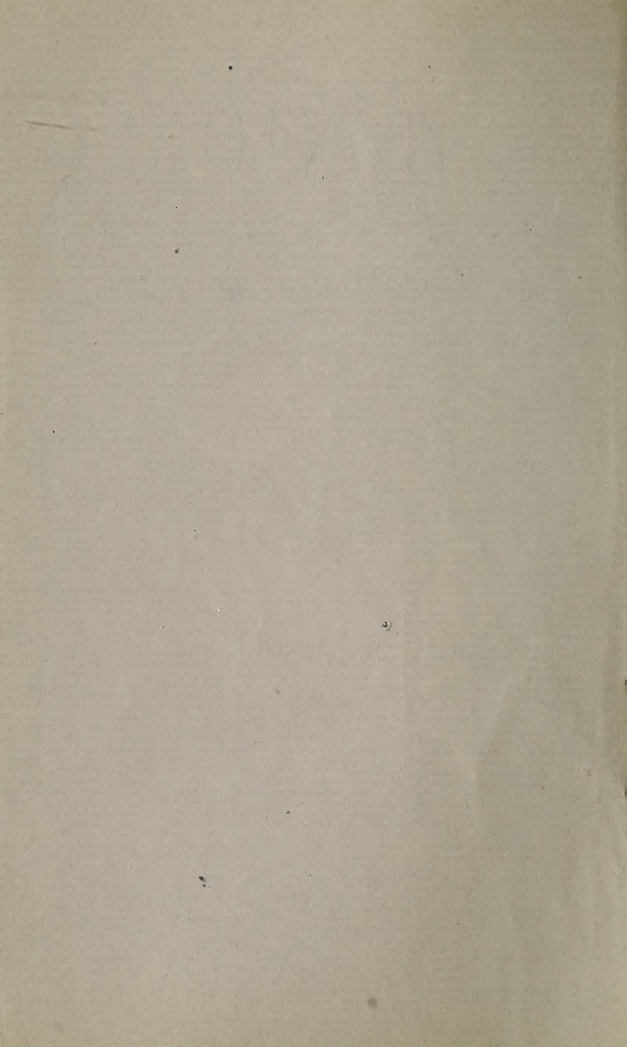
HONTO

The Red Man's Daughter.

BY

F. H. SHROCK.

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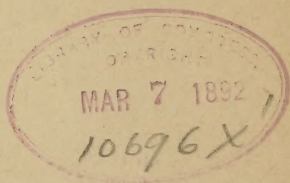


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The Red Man's Daughter.

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Characters Represented.

SIR HENRY MORGAN, Commanding a slave ship.

JOHNSON, his lieutenant.

OLD BILL, his old sailor servant.

CAPTAIN KENT, commanding man-of war.

OWASSO, Chief of Tuscororas.

RED FEATHER, a brave.

A WARRIOR.

INDIAN YOUTH.

MARJORY, Sir Henry's daughter.

HONTO, daughter of Owasso.

PROPHETESS.

Indian warriors, sailors, Indians, etc.

HONTO

The Red Man's Daughter.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

ON THE SEA SHORE.

[*Enter Sir Henry Morgan and Lieutenant Johnson.*]

Sir Henry—Well done, Johnson! You have secured a fine lot of savage women and youths, who will fetch a good hundred pounds each in the slave markets of the Barbadoes.

Lieutenant Johnson—Yes, Sir Henry; and in the raid on the village we lost not a man. It seems that the warriors were absent on a hunt, so we secured the captives with ease. The pretty Indian maiden seems to be the chief's daughter, and speaks our language quite fluently.

Sir H—So much the more valuable the prize. She alone should bring five hundred pounds. Well, let the prisoners be quartered on shore while the ship is overhauled and put in trim for a swift cruise. Set a guard over the captives and let the maiden have a tent to herself, as she is of especial value, and we must see that a guard is assigned that no harm comes to her.

Johnson—Aye, aye, sir; let us get under way as soon as possible, least some cruising man-of-war discovers us, and we lose ship, slaves and maybe our lives. [*Exit Johnson.*]

[*Enter Old Bill, singing.*]

Old Bill—Oh, me name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
Oh, me name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.

Bedad, I belave I'm a worse pirate than iver Mr. Kidd was as he sailed. His honor Mr. Kidd niver sthole women and childer to sill 'em for bastely nagurs, as me company is after doin', bad luck to us. We all ought to be hung for a set of dirthy sphalpeens. (*Suddenly sees Sir H.*) Hist! Be jabbers, there's the owld man. I'd betther clap a stopper on me mouth, or maybe I'll get me jist disserts widout the troublesome little formalities of the law. (*Salutes Sir H.*)

Sir H.—What are you prating about now, Bill? Are you in your grog again?

Old Bill—No, master, I'm not in me grog, and divil the bit of grog that's in me—more's the pity.

Sir H.—Well, Bill, you and all of us are in great good fortune, now, and you'll jingle many an extra shilling in your pocket when we sell these slaves at the end of our journey.

Old Bill—Under favor, master, I fale like I ought to be hung for helpin' to shtear these poor divils from home and frinds, instead of bein' paid for it, and I'll niver touch a pinny of the money brought by sellin' their bodies and sowls, if I shtarve for it. (*Aside.*) How the divil can I tell the owld man what Morjory axed me to? I'll tell him a story, pwhist. Say,

master, how long has old Bill been in service in your family, and what kind of a servant has he been to ye and yer father? And what did me swate mistress that's did, God rest her sowl, think of Bill, sir, as a sarvint? And sir, did your little girrul, Marjory, love old Bill when she was a bit of a baby?

Sir H—Why, Bill, I believe you have been in service in our family for more than forty years. When I was but a little boy, you rode me on your knee and told me your Irish fairy tales, and my poor wife always considered you the best and most faithful of servants; and Marjory has ever felt a special friendship and affection for her old servant. Yes, Bill, we all love you well; but why do you ask? You knew all this before.

Old Bill—Will, master, I want to ask ye a favor, and I thought I'd better feel me way a little furst.

Sir H—Well, Bill, you never ask a favor of me I am not glad to grant, if in reason, so don't be afraid. What is it?

Old Bill—Master, I thank ye kindly for your good words. Now, master, Marjory, the swate little darlint, is afther falin mighty bad, sir, about that purty little Injun girrul, sir, which is about her own age, sir, and she wants ye to lit the poor haythen, or, I should say, shethen, go back to her dear old daddy, the owld divil, and so she sint me to ax ye, sir. Why, sir, to see them two a huggin' wan other, and cryin' like their hearts would break, sir, makes salt wather come to me old eyes, sir, and a soft feelin', like, in me hard owld heart, sir. Will ye do it, master, and make the two of 'em happy?

Sir H. (sternly)—Old man, do not presume

on your past services and my forbearance to meddle in matters which do not concern you. No I will not grant Marjory's request. The girl is by far the most valuable prize we have secured. Go, and remember my warning.

Old Bill—Yis, yis, sir; I'll not forget.

(*Exit.*)

[*Enter Marjory and Honto.*]

Marjory—O, father, I am so glad to have an opportunity to plead with you for this poor, sweet, captive girl. She is no savage. She is so gentle, so loving, so good. Surely, my dear, good father, you would not doom this poor girl to a life of slavish drudgery and misery. Look at her sweet, pleading face, father. Does not your kind heart melt in pity? Surely, oh father, you will let her go back to her father and friends. Speak, my dear, dear father—

Sir H—My daughter, you know not what you ask. It may not be. I can not grant your request.

[*Honto kneeling.*]

Honto—O, great pale face! I kneel to ask you, what has Honto ever done to be thus torn from those who love her? Until now, Honto never knew an eye to rest on her except in kindness. Honto never wronged a human being in her life. Some awful mistake must be the cause. Oh, let me go back to my home, to my loved ones, and Honto and her people will bless you. Oh, pity the poor Indian girl who kneels to you.

Sir H. (turning coldly away to Marjory)—Marjory, take this girl away. I can not, I will not, allow one of our prizes to escape. (*Exit.*)

Marjory (taking Honto by the hand)—Honto,

my father will not relent; he will not let you go; but by heaven's help, I shall effect your escape. You shall not be sacrificed to the god of avarice.

Honto—O, sister, may Kishee Manitou bless you! O, you will not forget—say, dear sister, you will not forsake—poor *Honto*!

Marjory—No, dear *Honto*! Though it cost me my life, this night you shall be free. I will come to your tent and set you free. Fear me not. (*They go out.*)

[*Old Bill from the wings, aside.*]

Old Bill—Ye'll get her off, will ye? Will, bedad, maybe Owld Bill will be the guard, and if he is, and I sees or hears ye, jist look out. (*Winks.*) But I'm dom hard o' hearin', and me eyes can't see at all, at all. (Whin I'm lookin' the other way, d'ye moind; as I moight be; the divil knows.)

SCENE II.

[*Old Bill on guard at Honto's tent. Enter Marjory with bright red shawl over her head.*]

Old Bill—Howld on, who are ye? Speak out, or howld yer tongue. Why, beg pardon, it's *Marjory*!

Marjory—Bill, I want to see *Honto* for a while, so don't allow any one else to come near. (*Enters tent, leaving it open. Old Bill paces to and fro on side. Marjory and Honto converse in earnest but low tones.*)

Old Bill (*winks facetiously*).—Now, the Injun, she's tellin' *Marjory* about the great big brave Injun as is in love wid 'er, and how she's

dyin' wid love for him, and how purty he is and awl that; and Marjory she's tillin' the Injun how she loves Captain Kint, and how the Captain is a dyin' wid love for her, and how brave and handsome he is, and how she's to be Mrs. Kint whin she gits back to owld England, d'ye see? Oh, thim's jist like all the purty females, God bless 'em.

Marjory (in louder tone)—Yes, dear girl, though it cost me my life, you shall be free.

Old Bill (singing, aside.)—

Owld Ireland shall be free,
Sis the Shan Van Vau;
From the cintre to the sea,
Sis the Shan Van Vau.

Marjory—But you must be gone, time is precious. Go, and may God guard and bless you.

Honto—Bless you, sweet girl, I go. But hold. Wear this; it is the totem of our tribe, (*takes totem from her neck and places it on Marjory's,*) and may serve you. Farewell! (*Exit Honto with Marjory's shawl over her head.*)

Old Bill—Howld on, there. Who is ye? Is it ye, Marjory?

Marjory (from within tent)—Yes, Bill, it is I.

Old Bill—I was afraid ye was somebody else. Ye talks like a ventriloquist. (*Aside to Honto.*) Good luck go wid ye, ye divil. She's gone now, but, bedad, what'll I say to Sir Henry, me master, whin he finds it out? Be jabbers, I'll kape me owld ears open, for maybe I'll hear the wailin' of the banshee, to night, for-tillin' me own funeral jist.

SCENE III.

[*Same. Enter Sir H. and Johnson.*]

Sir H.—Johnson, let all preparations be made to set sail at the earliest possible moment. Delay is dangerous. Some roving man-of-war may chance to discover us and if we are captured our ship and cargo will be confiscated, our captives released and we imprisoned. Make all haste.

Johnson—True, true, Sir Henry. I will have all ready to sail by nightfall.

[*Enter a sailor, excitedly.*]

Sailor—Lieutenant, the Indian girl has escaped!

Sir Henry and Johnson—Escaped! How? When?

Sailor—I know not; but she is gone and no trace of her can be found.

Sir H.—Let all search be made at once and report to me. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter Bill, singing.*]

Bill—Oh, I first saw light, wan shiny night,
 In the County of Tipperary.
 And long before wan word I spoke,
 I learnt me A B C D'ry.
 And pravius to me readin' out
 Of any sort of printin',
 I wrote like copper plate, in litters
 Of me own inventin'.

[*Re-enters Sir H. excitedly.*]

Sir H.—Silence, you old dog, you! Where is that Indian girl? Speak, or I'll have you keel-hauled! Where is she?

Old Bill—What Indian girl, your honor?

Sir H—Don't bandy words with me, you old scoundrel! You know I mean Honto, whose tent you guarded last night.

Old Bill—Oh, yes, that girl. Why sir, that girl, she's in her tint, sir. She has the headache and ain't up yit.

Sir H—Why, you lying old villian, you know she has escaped and with your connivance. I'll hang you, you scoundrel, as soon as the girl is retaken

Old Bill—Yer honor, there is a mistake. She's in her tent, sure sir.

Sir H—I will soon see, and if you have lied to me, I'll flay you alive. [*Exit.*]

Old Bill—Ye'll flay me alive and ye'll hang me, will ye? Will, ye can't cook yer hare till ye catch him. While yez are lookin' in the tint I'll take to the woods, for the bastely savages can do no worse, bad luck to ye's. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter Sir H. and Marjory.*]

Sir H—Where is that lying old reprobate? He lied to me most deliberately. I'll kill the old dog with my own hand! He set this girl free, and I'll have his life for it!

Marjory—Oh, father, Old Bill is innocent! It was I who planned and effected the girl's escape. Do not visit your wrath upon poor old Bill. All the blame is mine; but I know, my dear father, that you will forgive me.

Sir H—Why, you bold, disobedient, presumptuous girl, how dare you thus disobey my positive commands? You have connived at this escape with that traitorous old dog. Go! leave me, you wicked girl! You have forfeited all claim to my love. Go seek congenial companionship with your dusky friends. Go!

Marjory—Oh, father, father, say not so! Do not, oh, do not say you have ceased to love me; me, your only child! Oh, pity pity, do not cast me off! I am your only child, your own little Marjory!

Sir H—Leave me! You are no longer my loving, dutiful Marjory. Go, you wicked, wilful girl!

[*Marjory, kneeling.*]

Marjory—Oh, father, your words will kill me! Let me plead with you. Do you not remember that bleak December day when you knelt with me at my mother's coffin—when we kissed her marble brow and purple lips—cold in death—when you called so piteously to her to come back to you—to come back to your poor little orphaned Marjory? Oh remember, dear father, how you took your little Marjory in your arms, and in a frenzy of grief, you kissed my baby face and called on heaven and my cold dead mother lying there to witness that you lived thenceforth but to love and cherish your child; to so live that both of us should meet her in heaven? Oh, father, remember this scene, and let the memory thaw out your heart, frozen against your child. Forgive me, father, or I die.

Sir H—I will not hear you. You knew my will, and wilfully disobeyed me.

[*Exit Sir H*]

Marjory—Oh, God! Oh Mother, look down from heaven on me in pity! [*Faints.*]

SCENE IV.

[*In the forest. Enter Marjory, slowly.*]

Marjory — Oh, this must be some horrid dream ! It cannot be that I am an outcast. Oh my father, how could you be so cruel to your only child, who always loved you as her own life ? For hours have I wandered through the gloomy forest, a prey to more gloomy thoughts. Oh, Father in heaven, pity me ! Oh, gentle spirit of my sainted mother, hover near your poor, deserted, friendless *Marjory* ! [*Sits down.*] I will return to my father and again beseech his forgiveness, for I would perish in these wilds, as I am even now weak and faint from fatigue and hunger. [*Looking all around with uncertainty.*] Oh, I have lost my way ! How can I ever retrace my steps ? Oh, merciful heaven, I am undone ! See, a band of savages surround me. Oh, help, help !

[*Enter Red Feather and braves, who seize Marjory,*]

Red Feather — Good ! Pale face die like Injun girl die. I heap kill 'em. [*Raises tomahawk to strike.*]

Marjory — Oh, pity me ! Here, see this token. [*Shows totem.*]

Red Feather — Ugh ! Good ! Totem of turtle. Where get 'em ? Steal 'em from Injun ?

Marjory — No, oh great chief. I received it from an Indian girl whose life I saved.

Red Feather — White tongue forked like snake. Pale face talk crooked. Red Feather take you to Good Prophetess. She wise. She good. She talk straight. Come.

Marjory—Oh, Great Chief allow me only one moment. Let me write to tell my people of my fate.

Red Feather—You set Injun girl free? You not bad? You lie! Me kill you! Me wait ten breaths.

[*Marjory writes.*]

Marjory — Dear Father; I have wandered alone into the forest, away from your anger, and I am now a captive and I fear I will be murdered by the savages. My last message is, forgive your Marjory, and bear to Oliver my undying love. Farewell, father. Your poor dying Marjory. [*Drops the note on the ground.*] Great chief, I am ready.

Red Feather—Come! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

[*In the forest. Old Bill.*]

Old Bill—Fur siveral hours I've been makin' tracks in the forest, and don't same to be innny nearer innnywhere thin whin I shtarted. Why, what's this? Be the blachin' bones of Bryan Borou, it's a littler from Marjory to her bastely owld father! The little darlint is captivated by the Injuns, bad luck to 'em. Will, the owld divil 'll niver get the littler unless I act as a pinny post man, so I'll jist rin as near as I dare to and drop it, and maybe some of 'em 'll run across it, lookin' for Marjory or me. Thin I'll take leg bale agin for the village.

SCENE VI.

[*Same. Old Bill.*]

Old Bill—Will, I dropped the littler purty close to the shore, and I'm here agin, but me old legs has give out intirely, and I'll rist a bit. [*Lays down: raises up and listens.*] Bedad, I hear a lot of jabberin', howlin', bastely Injuns comin'. Howly Moses, here they come like the devil was after 'em. What 'il I do? Be jabers I can't rin away, as they'd ketch me in a minute and make mince mate of me. Hist! I've heard 'em say the divils won't hurt a crazy man. The more sinse a man ain't got, begob, the more they thinks of him, so I'll be crazy, d'ye moind?

[*Enter savages with weapons uplifted. Old Bill assumes a comic attitude. Makes faces at them, barks like a dog, and makes all sorts of noises and acts in all sorts of ridiculous ways.*]

Old Bill—Bow wow! Whoop! Yow yow! Wurra wurra! Ye divils, ye! Boo whoo! Do ye moind, gintlemen, I'm light in me top-gallant [*taps his head.*]

Warrior—Ugh! Pale face head wrong. No hurt. Great Spirit love him. Come. Injun take to wigwam. No hurt. Come.

Old Bill—It's rale ilegant gintlemen I finds ye, barrin' yees ain't in avenin' dress; but, bedad, I mustn't quit bein' crazy too suddenly, so bow! wow! agin, ye divils. Say, yees like to smoke the pace pipe. Thry a whiff at me du-deen. Bow! wow! Throt along, gintlemen. Yow! yow! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

[*On sea-shore. Sir H. and Johnson.*]

Sir H.—Johnson, get all on board and let us set sail as soon as possible. Where is Marjory? I have not seen her for several hours. Poor girl, I was too harsh with her.

Johnson—Aye, aye, Sir Henry, I will make all haste.

Sir H.—Poor child. I love her as my life, and I should not have wounded her tender heart so sorely. I will soothe her when she comes, and freely forgive her, poor thing. It was an error, caused by her tender heart.

[*Re-Enter Johnson.*]

Johnson—Sir Henry, Old Bill has fled to the forest, Marjory can not be found, and, to make matters worse, Man-of-War is in the offing and escape is impossible. What shall be done?

Sir H.—What! Marjory, my child, gone! driven away by my cruelty? Go, Johnson, let the forest be scoured in every direction for any trace of my darling—an hundred pounds reward to the man who brings me tidings of my child! Let me go—follow, with all your men. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Capt. Kent.*]

Kent.—In the name of His Royal Majesty, I take possession of this slave ship, and order all her officers under arrest. Who and where is her commander?

Johnson—Her commander is Sir Henry Morgan, who left but now in search of his daughter.

Kent—Sir Henry Morgan, Marjory's father? Gone in search of his daughter? What mean you?

[*Re-enter Sir H.*]

Kent—Oh, dear Sir Henry, how glad I am to see you. Where is Marjory?

Sir H. (*Starting back with surprise*)—Oh, Oliver, I fear my child is a captive or has been murdered by the savages. A sailor searching for some trace of her found this letter; (*hands it to Kent*) read it. What shall be done?

Kent—Oh, gracious heaven, protect my loved one—but this is no time for sentiment, but for action. Order all the captives here at once—give me a guide to the village—make provisions for our journey, and we will hasten to the camp of the savages and may yet save her. As you love your daughter, Sir Henry, haste. I will make necessary preparations to set out immediately. [*Exit Kent and Sir H.*]

[*Enter Johnson with captives and sailors.*]

Johnson—All is now ready, and we await our leader.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

INDIAN VILLAGE.

[*Enter Red Feather and warriors with Marjory.*]

Red F.—Ugh! Warriors—go seek your wigwams—eat—rest—Red Feather take pale-face to prophetess—she safe. [*Exit Warriors*]

[*Red Feather approaches tent of Prophetess, who sits at the entrance*]

Red F.—Great Mother, Red Feather brings white squaw; ketch 'em in forest—no kill 'em—white squaw got totem—what do—must kill 'em?

Prophetess (rising)—Red Feather, my eyes are dimmed with age and tears for the wrongs of my people. I have seen the prattling babe grow up to manhood wise and brave but to fall before the weapons of the pale face. I have seen the laughing, crowing infant grow up to beautiful womanhood but to be ruthlessly torn from home and friends by these pale-faced robbers to be sold into slavery—a fate worse than death. From the shores of the rolling big-sea water we have been crowded further and further towards the setting sun, so my old heart is full of bitterest hate for the accursed authors of all our woes. Yet I venerate the sacred emblem of our tribe, and will consult the oracle. Await my return. [*Enters tent.*]

[*Re-enter Prophetess*]

P.—Red Feather, closely have I scanned the curling smoke from the great medicine pipe, but in it I read no omen. I have noted the flight of the wild goose, but in it appears no sign. I have cast into the air the mystic feathers of the sacred heron, but their falling

gave no significance. There remains therefore but one recourse—I must call up the spirit of our phantom warrior. He always responds, and his words are always words of wisdom. While I cast this awful spell speak not—move not—lest you die.

[Prophetess lights a piece of gum camphor on a tin plate in front of her tent, and as the Invocation progresses she scatters herbs on the fire]

[Invocation.]

By the darkness of the night and the dark gloom of the forest—by the silence of death, Great Warrior Spirit, I invoke thee—by the hooting of the midnight owl—by the screaming of the hungry panther—by the howling of the dusky wolf, oh, Great Warrior, I invoke thee—by the hoarse rumbling of the thunder—by the blinding glare of the forked lightning—by the rattling hail and pelting rain—by the sweeping tempest—the crashing forest—by the rushing river and roaring cataract, I call thy spirit to come to me, and by the gentle sighing of summer breezes, the murmur of the rivulet—by the fragrance of leaf of grass and flower, Oh Great Warrior, hear me. By humming bee, by twittering birds, oh Spirit, come. And now, by thy love for thy people and thy hatred for the pale face, answer, Great Chief. What shall be the fate of this captive maiden? Speak, oh great spirit; my ears are open.

[Voice within the tent.]

Phantom Warrior—Daughter, from the gloomy caverns of death—from the land of rattling bones and grinning skeletons—from blackness and horrors, I come. Through these regions of awe and death—away, in the land of summer, in the happy hunting grounds of the

hereafter, I heard thy invocation, and through the land of darkness and death I came to hear the cry of my people. I hear your voice and will speak. This daughter of an accursed race should die; but I see her heart. It is red, though her face is white. I see there no hatred for our people. I see she is kind and good—and now, if in all our tribe even one shall raise a voice to plead for her, let her live and be adopted into our tribe. If no friend appears, let her die. I have spoken. I return to the land of shadows.

Prophetess—The oracle has spoken. Seek our Chief Owasso; bear to him the Phantom Warrior's words that he may see them executed. [*Sits again in her tent.*]

[*Red Feather approaches Owasso's tent. Owasso rushes out with uplifted tomahawk.*]

Owasso—Who dares approach the wigwam of Owasso? The stealthy tread of the panther awakens him—shall noisy intruders pass unnoticed? Speak; who are you?

Red F.—I, Red Feather—bring pale face—ketch 'em in forest.

Owasso—Let her die—as died my daughter by pale face murderers. Let my thirsty weapon drink her life's blood.

Red F.—No. Phantom Warrior spoke—say let pale live if any Injun asks it—no ask, kill 'em.

Owasso—Owasso hears and heeds the words of wisdom from the great Councillor. Take her to the place of execution, and unless by the time the sun stands just over our heads at noon-day, some Indian voice is raised in her behalf, let her die. Owasso has spoken.

SCENE II.

[*Indian camp. Marjory tied to tree, surrounded by warriors, Owasso to one side.*]

Owasso—The sun has now reached the place of noonday and no voice has been raised in the pale face's behalf. She must die. Warriors, prepare your weapons—but hold! I see an Indian maiden approaching.

[*Enter Honto, running.*]

It is—it is my child—my Honto. Oh, great Spirit, I thank thee. My child I mourned as dead is given back to me. Tell me, child, how you escaped the clutches of the pale-faced robbers?

Honto - Oh Father, Honto's heart is full of joy to be restored to you, and to be again with her people. Father, among my capturers I found a kind, sweet maiden, whose heart bled for Honto's wrongs. She set me free—she saved me. I gave her my totem at parting, but she is now, I think, far out on the big-sea water with her cruel father.

Owasso—Come, child, speak quickly! [*draws her to Marjory.*] See, is this your benefactress?

Honto (*with a scream of surprise and delight*)—Oh, Marjory!—my saviour! Why are you thus bound?

Marjory—Oh, Honto, we have changed places so strangely. I am doomed to death.

Honto—Death? Death to my liberator? Father, cut these cruel thongs; set my white sister free. Quick! quick!

Owasso—Yes, yes, my child; the pale face is my daughter. She shall be free, and in obedience to our Phantom Warrior's words, she shall be adopted into our tribe.

[*Enter Indians with Old Bill, who sees Marjory, runs to her, and goes through some ludicrous antics as to the Indians.*]

Old Bill.—Bow wow! Whoopee! Yow yow! God bless you my missus—booh whoo—ye ain't did yet, darlint. (*To Honto.*) And here you are, ye little devil, good luck to ye. Bow wow! yow yow! whoopee!

Marjory (to Honto).—Honto, poor Old Bill, our good old friend, has lost his head from fright. Poor old man

Old Bill.—Hist! aisy, miss; Owld Bill lost his head so he'd save it. jist. If Honto says I'm safe, ye'll see how quick Ould Bill will git his sinses agin.

Honto.—You are perfectly safe, my good old friend. (*To Owasso.*) This good old man is my friend. He helped me to escape. Give him your assurance of his safety.

Owasso.—Good pale face, you are safe. You are Owasso's brother.

Old Bill.—Thank ye kindly, (*punches his captor in the ribs—facetiously*). Say, ye divil; Old Bill's all ship-shape in the upper story agin. And now, gintlemen, Ould Bill'll stick to yees through thick and thin—as long as thim two girls is wid ye—oh, ye little darlints, ye!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

INDIAN VILLAGE

[*Enter Prophetess, leading Marjory.*]

Prophetess—Maiden, the Great Spirit has smiled upon his pale-faced daughter. The deadly arm of the warriors has been stayed by his mighty power. Your kindly act has brought a just reward. Honto has been his messenger. We now adopt you into our tribe. Kneel, my daughter, with me. Our women will encircle us; our warriors will surround us; and now, with heads bowed down in reverential awe, let us invoke the approval of Kishee Manitou, the Great Spirit. Oh father of light, thy children kneel to thee; hear our cry. To look approvingly upon us is to give us thy blessings. Thou art all good all-loving. Gild now this scene with the glorious sun-light of thy approval. Bind this maiden to us by ties thrice stronger than the sinews of the bison—the strong chords of love. She has been good amidst so much evil; she has been merciful amidst so much cruelty; she has been loving amidst so much hatred that we beseech thee, oh Great Spirit of the Red Man, to bestow upon her the love thou hast for us. Oh, Kishee Manitou, hear our cry. Rise, my daughter, and look upon this scene. You are now a member of our tribe. Warm, loving hearts are around thee; helping hands encircle thee; strong, brave arms are above thee, and so long as these hearts shall throb with life, so long they beat for you. So long as these hands perform their office, so long will they work for your good. So long as these strong arms have nerve to strike, they will strike in your defense. And when, one by one, these warm hearts are

chilled and these strong arms lie nerveless in death—these loving ones go but over the darkness of death to the other shore. And when the swift-footed runner from Kishee Manitou comes to summons you to join them, they will welcome you on the brink and conduct you to the great happy summer home of the Red Man. Maiden, I have done. [*Prophetess takes position on the side.*]

Old Bill (to Owasso)—Say, brother Chafe, do you moind them rid gintlemen and ladies—be gob, there's some white min, too. Who the divil can thim ba?

[*Warriors all seize weapons and prepare to fight. Enter an indian youth running. Enter sailors, Indians, Kent, Sir H.*]

Indian—Owasso, our Chief—the prisoners are all returned. Our white friends here release us.

Owasso—Welcome, my rescued people; and welcome, pale face friends.

Old Bill—Oh, Marjory, me darlint, here's Capt. Kint, as I'm an Injun—and, bedad, here's me ould master, God bliss 'im.

Marjory (running and embracing Sir H.)—Oh, my dear, dear father! My heart is full of joy at seeing you once more.

Sir H.—Oh, bless you, my dearest Marjory! Forgive all my harshness. But I must not monopolize you. Here, Oliver, take her.

Kint—Oh, my Marjory!

Marjory—Oh, Oliver, Oliver! [*They embrace.*]

Kent—Marjory, you shall never, never, leave me again. I sail for our home to morrow, and our Chaplain shall make you my wife ere we sail.

Marjory—Oliver, but my father.

Kint—He shall be forgiven, and we'll set sail for home at the same time.

[They take places in line for tableau.]

Old Bill—Say, owld masther, Owld Bill towld ye a bit of a lie, but ye won't keel-haul him now, will ye? Ye won't flay him alive, will ye? Ye won't hang him to the yard's arrum, will ye?

Sir H—Say no more, my faithful old servant. I freely forgive you and bless you with all my heart for your devotion to Marjory. *[Takes his place in line.]*

Old Bill—Say, me little rid beauty, ye must come now and take yer place wid Rid Fedder, for soon ye'll be Mrs. Rid Fedder. *[Places them in line.]* And now, brother Chafe, we'll close up the ranks.

[Owasso takes place at end of line on left. Old Bill completes line on left and says:]

And now, me frinds, we thanks ye for yer kind indulgence to us all in our amateur indiv-
ors to please ye, and we hope ye'll live a thous-
and years, and iver remimber with plisure,

HONTO, THE RED MAN'S DAUGHTER.

CURTAIN.

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